

WOMEN'S MAGAZINES

at the side of the bed always
there are these women's magazines
piled or scattered, and from them the faces
of women, beautiful models and actresses,
are forever staring up at me, whether it be early
morn when i'm getting out of bed to go to work,
or maybe when it is late at night and i am
crawling back into bed, perhaps slightly tipsy
from drinking with the day's last thoughts, or
maybe outright drunk from the bitter grief
and the hilarious joy of attempting once again to
get these thoughts down on paper in pleasing words.
but whatever time it is, even on an occasional
rare afternoon nap, there are always these
magazines with the stunning faces, which
after awhile all look alike, wide-eyed and
smiling, trying to get me to read the titles
of the articles held inside. and when i do
succumb to reading these titles i am quick
to notice how many have to do with dealing
with a man. articles of this sort, i am
forced to admit, i do have a tough time
refusing to read. it's always so damned
enticing to find out what negative
characteristics i share with other men.
and it's not all that surprising, i guess,
to discover that the number of failings
we men have is enormous and frightening.
but i suppose the real frightening aspect
of this whole scene is that i am in so many
of my worst failings so very similar
to the rest of my troubled sex.
i would have hoped for at least some
small measure of originality in this regard.
sure, i suppose too, that there is some
bit of comfort in knowing i'm not alone
in what i so clearly suffer from, but
it is a minor comfort at best,
believe me. then, sometimes at night,
when my girlfriend is reading
next to me in bed before sleep,
i cannot help peeking over to see
which article she is open to.
i cannot tell you what a relief
it is when i see she's only
wrapped up in another
miracle breakthrough for
slimmer thighs.
then i can fall asleep
in peace.